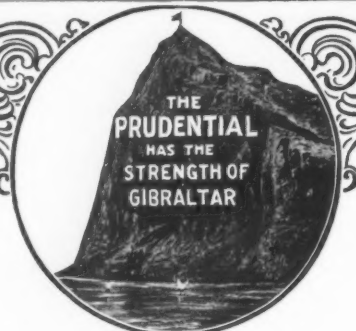


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*The President:* GET OUT, EVANS.  
"BUT HAVE I NOT BEEN A FAITHFUL OFFICER?"  
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"When a Man Is in Love" is the title of C. D. GIBSON's centre cartoon. It is one of the finest examples of Mr. Gibson's work, touching as it does upon a universal theme, in that artist's inimitable manner.

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In accordance with the uniform custom of the City in the past, the stock will be issued in such legally authorized denominations as the buyers may wish.

**A Deposit of TWO PER CENT. of the par value of stock bid for (in money or certified check on a National or State Bank in the City of New York) is required.**

For fuller information see "THE CITY RECORD" (copies to be procured at No. 2 City Hall), or apply to the Comptroller for a printed circular.

**EDWARD M. GROUT, Comptroller.**

The City of New York, Department of Finance, Comptroller's Office, April 23d, 1902.

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# LIFE

## A Toast.

HERE'S to him of cheery mood!  
He makes the world his debtor  
Who sees that life is very good  
Nor tries to make it better.

## Humor.

ONCE upon a time a people having no sense of humor went to great expense to get up a coronation, with all the mediæval lugs.

Neighboring peoples, whose sense of humor was very highly developed, laughed heartily to see this.

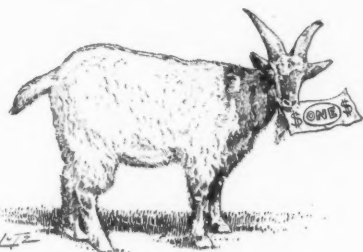
"How silly!" exclaimed these.

But when the coronation was finally pulled off, the people having no sense of humor were mostly crowded out by official representatives in short pants from among the peoples who had sense of humor to burn.

This fable teaches that a man's a man for a' that, especially when his women-folks are anxious to shine socially.

"LET'S go to California. It costs only fifty dollars from Chicago."

"Why not start from Denver? That is cheaper still."



ANOTHER DOLLAR DINNER.



He: YOU WOULD MARRY ME IF I HAD PLENTY OF MONEY  
"BUT I WOULD LOVE YOU THEN."

IN honest work there is hope for the future and forgetfulness of the past.

"GOING to the great clothes show this summer?"  
"Newport or London?"





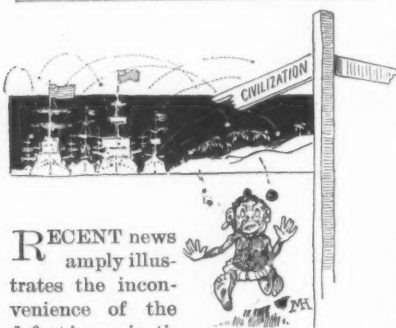
"While there is Life there's Hope."  
VOL. XXXIX. MAY 1, 1902. No. 1018.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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RECENT news amply illustrates the inconvenience of the defect in our institutions which makes it impracticable to restrain Americans at home from forming and expressing opinions about concerns in the Philippines. Where there is opportunity there is obligation. If we were not allowed to know or say anything about the Philippines until the pacification of the islands was accomplished and the tumuli were sodded over, it would save much trouble and some embarrassment. But inasmuch as, in spite of all benevolent intentions, we do get Philippine news, and can form and communicate impressions about it, we have to ratiocinate, and are apt to blurt out what we think.

There is Major Waller's case! What considerate citizen wants to talk about that? The Major has been accused of killing a good many Filipinos offhand, between fights. We have heard that it is asserted that he kept one Filipino tied to a tree for three days, and occasionally shot a hole in him, until finally the rebel died. For this and other innovations Major Waller has been tried by court-martial, and, according to present reports, which are

meagre and not fully trustworthy, he was acquitted. We don't know yet whether the court found that the charges against him were untrue, or that his actions were justified by circumstances. We have read that General Jacob Smith ordered Major Waller to make Samar howl; to kill and burn and take no prisoners, but not to kill children under ten years of age. This last sounds odd, and we have no proof that it is true, but war is war, especially when it is waged ten thousand miles from home, against untruthful rebels, some of whom are semi-savage and cruel, and have done atrocious things. Now it seems highly indelicate and inopportune to dwell at all on these very disagreeable things, but we all talk, and have to talk, about what we read in the papers. We have to free our minds, or we couldn't eat.



SO it is about Major Cornelius Gardener's report of matters in Tayabas. Tayabas is a Philippine province, and Major Gardener is its civil governor. His report was made to the Secretary of War, and was sent by him to a committee of the Senate at the suggestion of General Miles, made, by the way, not to the Secretary, but to the committee. Major Gardener is a graduate of West Point, who had resigned from the army, but got back into the service when the Spanish war broke out. He thinks there are too many American soldiers loose in his province, and thinks that they are doing much more harm than good. The attitude of the army, he says, is one of hostility to the civil government. He deprecates the indiscriminate ravaging done by soldiers under young and inexperienced officers, the habit of almost all soldiers and many officers of calling the Filipinos "niggers," and the prevalence of the opinion that just and kindly treatment is wasted on Filipinos and other Orientals. The Major's report is temperate in language, and seemingly so in opinion, and reads like the work of a man who is doing his best to give the War Department useful information. It has been asserted that when Major Gardener lived in Detroit he was re-

garded as a Socialist, and that he has not been popular among his fellow-officers in the army during his recent term of service. His report was withheld from publication by the War Department until General Chaffee's comments on it should be obtained. But meanwhile we have had to read it, and to wonder whether as voters and taxpayers we have any duty in the premises other than to sit tight and await reassurances.

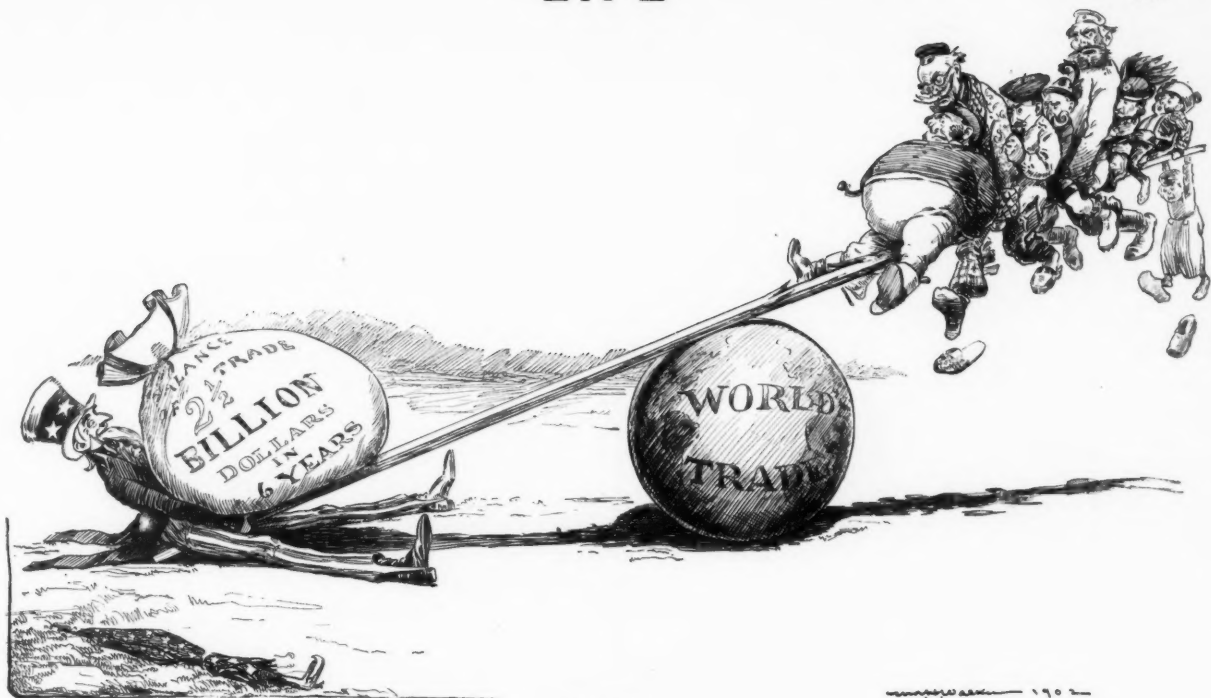


THE matter of the water cure is just as bad. We have heard a great deal about the water cure. We couldn't help it; it was in the papers. We have read that in certain instances, not so rare as one might wish, when it was desirable to get information out of insurgents or their sympathizers, there was a way to do it, to wit: to pump the reluctant informer full of water—salt water sometimes—and then step on his abdomen and squeeze it out of him. This is very unpleasant to the subject, who usually tells what he knows before the cure is perfected. These persistent stories about the water cure have all been denied, but evidence of one case was given before the Senate Committee that was too direct and positive to be ignored. It implicated three American officers. The President has cabled for further facts, and for fuller information about Major Waller, General Smith, Major Gardener, and the water cure. We are glad of it; for if we are to worry about atrocities we want to know whether they were real atrocities or bogus ones, and whether or not they were necessary.



EXPANSION has its trials even for us who only sit by and read the papers and watch our delegated rulers work at it. What its trials must be for them may be faintly conjectured. One set of men in the Philippines is breaking the eggs, and another set is trying to make the omelet. They ought to work together for good, but apparently and not unnaturally, their co-operation is imperfect.





SEESAW.

### A Bystander's View.



IT is natural to say "Thank you" to the friend who criticises our enemies, and "Mind your own business" to the friend who criticises us; but *Commonwealth or Empire, a Bystander's View of the Question*, by Goldwin Smith, contains a bit of quiet advice to the thoughtful American that LIFE wishes heartily to endorse. LIFE agrees with Goldwin Smith that

The Imperialist of to-day, when he attacks the weak, burns their homes, takes possession of their land, and if they "rebel" sends "punitive expeditions against them," laps himself in the delusion that he is the elect instrument of destiny, or, if he is pious, of God. What is his "destiny" or his "God" but the shadow of his own rapacity projected on the clouds?

LIFE sorrowfully acquiesces in the statement that

When the people of the United States, after recognizing the Filipinos as their allies, bought them with their land of Spain, as they would buy the contents of a cattle-ranch or a sheep-fold, and proceeded to shoot them down for refusing to be delivered to the purchaser, they surely broke away from the principles on which their own polity is built, and compromised the national character formed on respect for those principles.

Goldwin Smith, who stood our friend in the sixties against the commercial jealousy which dictated England's hostile policy, consistently stands our friend to-day against the commercial greed which urges our own political apostasy. Let us remember that it is the "bystander" who sees most of the game.



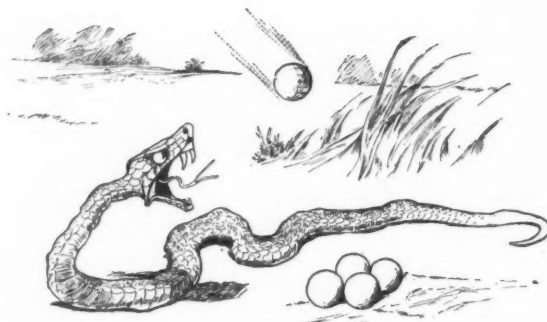
FEMINE.

Miss Elephant: OH, I THINK IT'S JUST LOVELY TO BE ENGAGED! MY! HOW IT DOES SPARKLE!

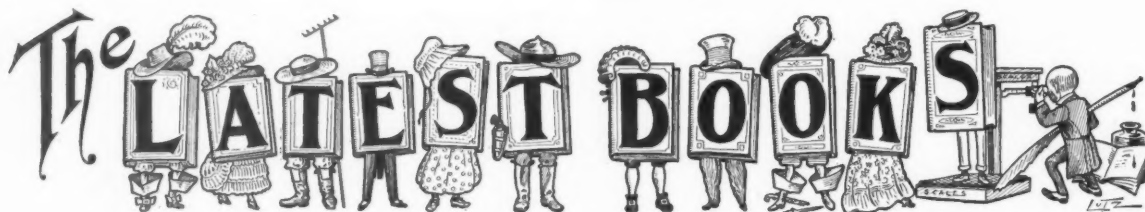
THE MISTAKE OF MR. BUNKER AND HIS SUBSEQUENT REFORM.



Mr. Bunker: AH, THAT LITTLE NIP OF WHISKEY PUT NEW LIFE IN MY ARMS.



"THOSE WRETCHED GOLFERS NEVER WILL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO HATCH THOSE EGGS."



*The Empire of Business*, by Andrew Carnegie, contains seventeen essays and addresses upon many subjects connected with the world of affairs. Mr. Carnegie knows what he is talking about and talks well. His book is interesting. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)

The use of thick paper and large print has lent to the translation of a short story by A. Palacio Valdes, called *José*, the outward presence of a more serious work. It is a characteristic sketch of a Spanish fishing village by the author of *The Fourth Estate*, but it does not deserve the setting of a novel. (Brentano's.)

Josephine Dodge Daskam's *Madness of Philip and Other Tales of Childhood* are as clever as they are varied. No one who remembers the charm of his own childhood can fail to respond to *A Study in Piracy*; no one who has cursed the impishness of other children's childhood can fail to appreciate Philip, the demon-ridden. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

The way in which a rather brainless young Parisian uses his pretended admiration for a notably virtuous woman as a blind for his intrigue with her friend, and is finally hoist by his own petard, is the subject of *The Screen*, by Paul Bourget. The story has not even the merit of being piquante. (J. F. Taylor and Company. \$1.50.)

*Mark Everard* is a romance by Knox Magee, which duplicates in an English setting under Charles II. the plot of Weyman's *Under the Red Robe*. It is trashy, but makes a good substitute for solitaire. (R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Black Cat Club*, by James Corrothers, claims to be a presentation of negro humor and folk-lore. The club holds its sessions on the South Clark Street "Levee," Chicago, and both humor and folk-lore are typical of the locality. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.00.)

Dainty verses, like *The Hothouse Violet to a Fair Woman*, and clever bits of metrical bookishness make an attractive volume of Robert Bridges's *Bramble Brae*. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

## OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Henry V.*, one of the "Heroes of the Nations" series, dealing with the great English King as the typical mediæval hero. By Charles L. Kingsford. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

*Mrs. Seely's Cook-Book*, with chapters on domestic servants, their rights and duties. By Mrs. L. Seely. (The Macmillan Company. \$2.00.)

*When a Witch Is Young*. By "4-19-69." (R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.50.)

*Bigge's Bar*, and other Klondike ballads. By Howard V. Sutherland. (Drexel Biddle, Philadelphia.)

*Our Literary Deluge*. By Francis W. Halsey. Articles, critical and statistical, upon books and authors, present and past. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.25.)

*Cape Cod Ballads*. By Joe Lincoln. Amusing verses, mostly in Yankee dialect. Illustrations by Kemble. (Albert Brandt, Trenton, N. J. \$1.25.)

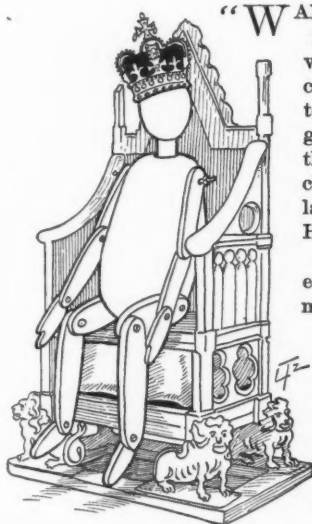
*William Hamilton Gibson*. By John Coleman Adams. An interesting life of the artist-author in Mr. Adams's excellent style. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.00.)

*Commonwealth or Empire, a Bystander's View*. By Goldwin Smith. (The Macmillan Company.)



"WELL, THAT LIQUOR IS UP TO ITS OLD TRICKS. CAN'T TELL WHICH IS THE RIGHT ONE, SO I'LL SWIPE THE WHOLE BUNCH."

### A Flurry in Coronations.



"WANTED—for our coronation department—neat, gentlemanly persons, who look well in knee-breeches and cocked hats, and have been trained to encounter unabashed the Gorgon glare of a fat, royal flunkey. Only those experienced in kings and high-class potentates need apply. State last line handled. Address John Hay, Manager, Washington, D. C."

The foregoing ad reveals clearly enough the present flurry in diplomatic circles. For rumor whispers in hoarse, stage tones that the gorgeous affair at Westminster is by no means the only coronation to be pulled off in this year of grace and law and order leagues, 1902. We have it from a trustworthy source that the Sultan of Sulu (who, though an integral part of Free America, yet retains a quasi-sovereignty) has set his heart upon eclipsing the ceremonial function of Albert Edward; and with the avowed purpose, therefore, of relegating that Most Christian King to a far rearward inconspicuousness, he has determined to hold a special coronation on his tin-wedding anniversary that will far outshine the glitter of Ormus and of Ind. It is for this splendid affair, in fact, that the State Department is even now making elaborate preparations. As the Sultan is united to America by the tenderest ties of benevolent assimilation, it is eminently proper for the United States Government to send envoys, both plenipotentiary and extraordinary, to grace his coronation. Indeed, it is a State secret that the members of such an



A.D. RAHN

"GOT 'EM AGAIN. NOT ANOTHER DROP WILL I EVER TOUCH."

embassy have been practically selected. They are as follows:

RUSSELL SAGE,  
CARRIE NATION,  
CHUCK CONNORS,—

—a most felicitous choice; a triad distinctively American, and broadly representative of the varied phases of our national life. Mr. Sage's name is a household word for the condensed milk of human kindness and open-handed, almost criminal, generosity. Mrs. Nation embodies the sweet spirit of domesticity and home-loving repose, baked to a turn under fierce Kansas suns. Mr. Connors, of course, will head the delegation. Wherever the New York slang is spoken, his Chesterfieldian courtliness and superior fitness to stand in the palaces of kings will be loudly and blithely proclaimed. He is a born society leader and narrowly escaped being appointed equerry to Mrs. Astor, with official residence at Newport.

Each envoy will be accompanied by a secretary. Though the secretarial slate is not yet fully made up, the following list is not far out of the way:





"HISS, YES, HISS THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN. WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE DRAMA? YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A LOT OF GEESSE, ANYWAY!"

FAY TEMPLETON, *Secretary to Mr. Sage.*  
TOM SHARKEY (or Pat Sheedy), *Secretary to Mrs. Nation.*  
ANTHONY COMSTOCK (with an option on Dr. Mary Walker), *Aide to Chuck Connors.*

These names need no exploitation in our columns; but there are certain biographical facts that have a peculiar significance just at this moment. Miss Templeton is a great stickler for social proprieties, and distinguished herself on three several occasions by snubbing the King of the Belgians, the Shah of Persia and the Prince of Dahomey, each of whom had invited her to dinner without her chaperone.

As for Mr. Sharkey, he is a self-made man of great push and striking characteristics. He is the subject of Browning's immortal line:

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp."

Should he serve, Mr. Comstock will represent at the coronation the united purity and anti-vice societies of America; he will doubtless be commissioned to make an exhaustive report upon the working of the Sunday harem law in Sulu. As bearing upon our trade relations, it is worthy of note that Mr. Comstock's presence in the Sultan's domains will stimulate the clothing trade, and, in fact, open up a new field for all our wash fabrics and cotton stuffs.

The secretarial appointment, however, may go to Dr. Walker. Medicine is her trump card; trousers, her long suit.

As soon as all the appointments are announced, the envoys and their suite will begin a series of dress rehearsals in preparation for their delicate duties. *Lucas.*

### Who Is Lying?

AMSTERDAM, Monday.—The Boer bureau here has published a report which was sent last January by General Delarey to Mr. Kruger, and which is countersigned by Ignatius Ferreira, the acting State Attorney.

This report contains numerous stories of alleged British atrocities and is supported by affidavits. Besides the general accusations of placing women as screens around the British camps, as a result of which

practice many women are said to have been killed, General Delarey gives specific instances, with names and dates of the killing of wounded prisoners and women.

—*New York Herald.*

Does General Delarey realize that he is contradicting the Hon. Joe Chamberlain? Does he realize that either he or the said Joseph is prevaricating? It was only the other day, to be sure, that an Irishman in the House of Commons said to Mr. Chamberlain: "You're a d——d liar!"

While he merely expressed, perhaps in wicked words, the prevailing opinion in Europe and America, it must not be forgotten that all Boers and all Irishmen are perverse and treacherous sinners.

If you don't believe it, read the *London Times*.

JENKS: I am told that Limberjaw gave up labor agitation and took to market gardening. How did he get along?

BINKS: He is a flat failure. His cabbages would grow only eight hours a day and then he was done up by the insect trust.



VICARIOUS.



THE REGULAR PERFORMANCE.

"NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE LITTLE FIGURES WILL GIVE YOU A DISINTERESTED OPINION OF THE TUNNEL, AND TELL YOU JUST WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE ABOUT THE RIGHTS OF RAILROADS AS APPLIED TO NEW YORK."

### As to Automobilists.



THE municipal ordinance that constrains automobilists in New York to have their initials, writ large, on the rear of their machines was wisely devised and gives satisfaction. Public safety might be further promoted by requiring each automobilist to file a bond with the City Chamberlain for a thousand dollars, and an additional thousand for each mile in excess of twelve that his machine can go; the bonds being security for payment of judgments in damage suits resulting from accidents. None but persons of assured and registered solvency ought to be allowed on the streets with fast automobiles.

THERE'S no sentiment in business, but there's business in sentiment.

### A Floving Tale.

IN vain the May wind wanders in  
And softly whispers me,  
When sultry summer days are done,  
Of nights in Arcady.  
But what great miracle shall my  
Arcadia restore?  
The place that knew Calphurnia  
Will know her nevermore.  
For months a Damoclean sword  
Hung trembling o'er us all;  
We shut our eyes, and laughed and sung,  
But knew that it would fall.  
'Twas on the year's unhappy scroll  
Immutably decreed,  
That she must go—Calphurnia!  
And now she's gone, indeed.  
She lives? Ah! Yes, she lives, but where?  
Not where our hearts are still;  
But in pa's new "colonial"  
At East Westmorelandville.  
A suburb—near, and yet so far!—  
Whence—O, the cruel fate!—  
For him that's faring cityward  
The last train leaves at 8!

Edward W. Barnett.

### NATURE abhors a society leader.



"WELL, WELL, KNOCKED OUT BY A TOOTHACHE, EH?"

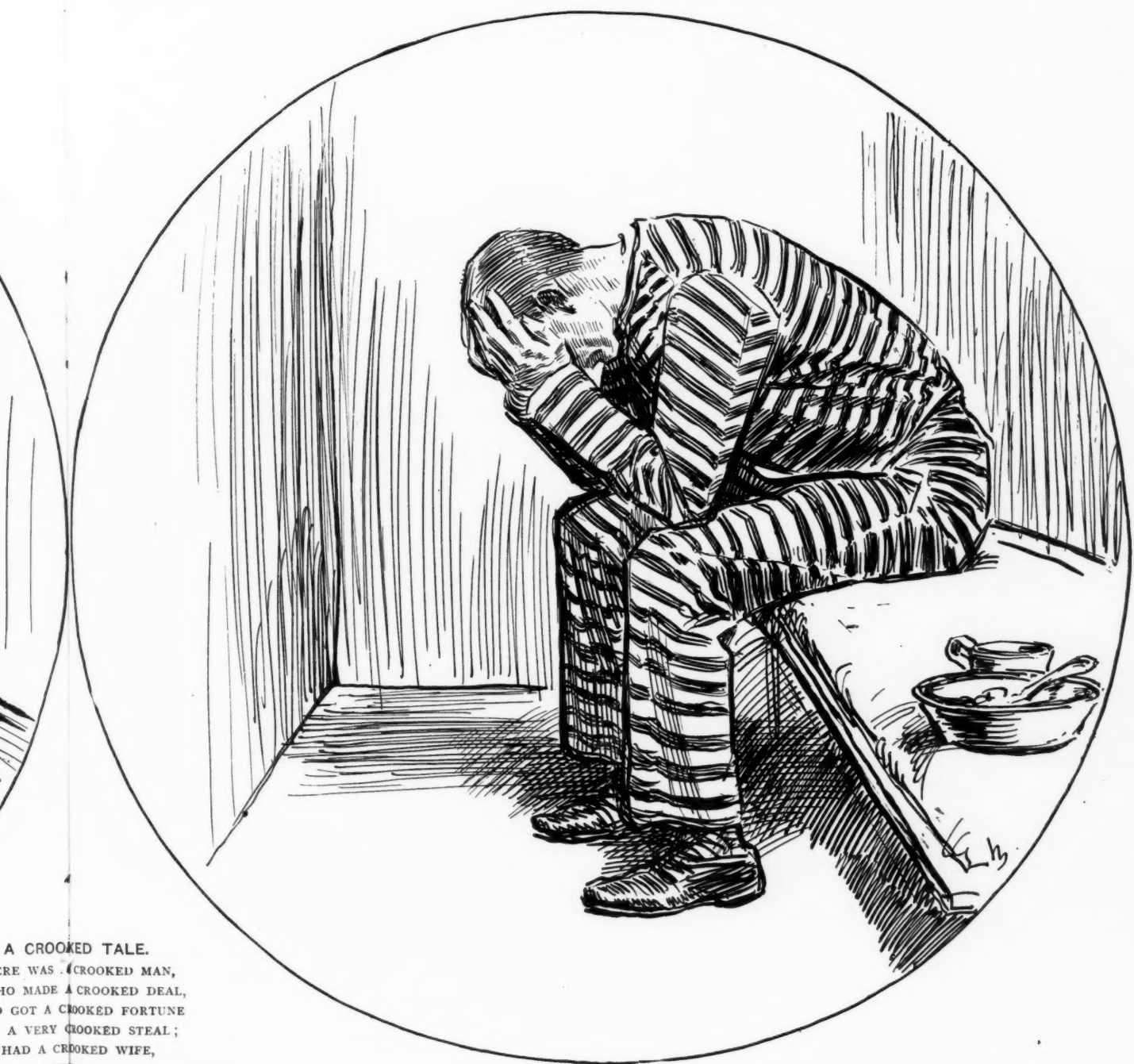
"TOOTHACHE, NOTHING. MY HORNS ACHE."



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A CROOKED T.  
THERE WAS A CROOK  
WHO MADE A CROOK  
AND GOT A CROOKED  
BY A VERY CROOKED  
HE HAD A CROOKED  
WITH A VERY CROOK  
AND NOW THEY LIVE  
IN VERY CROOKED F.





A CROOKED TALE.

THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN,  
WHO MADE A CROOKED DEAL,  
AND GOT A CROOKED FORTUNE  
ON A VERY CROOKED STEAL;  
HE HAD A CROOKED WIFE,  
WITH A VERY CROOKED NAME.  
NOW THEY LIVE APART  
WITH VERY CROOKED FAME.



### The Importance of Being Earnest.



IT'S a lovely tribute to the moral cowardice of the Anglo-Saxon race, when the Syndicate managers who produce "The Importance of Being Earnest" label it "By the author of Lady Windermere's Fan," instead of frankly putting the name of Oscar Wilde to the piece. Wilde's career was a shameful one, but he had a certain quality of brains which appeals to a non-thoughtful public. His epigrams are brilliant and possess the usual quality of the modern epigram. They state a fact in absolutely convincing language, and then, if anyone cares to analyze the epigram, he finds that what has been thus stated in brief and convincing form is absolutely and convincingly not true.

"The Importance of Being Earnest" as a play is not a play—to use the epigrammatic form of description. It is a long line of talk—clever talk, to be sure, but talk, only talk. The persons who do the talking are well-bred and have good manners and are located in the surroundings com-

monly known as "high-toned." The play, however, tells no story and is simply the stem of a vine on which is hung clusters of speeches more or less clever, the more or less depending on the receptivity of the person who hears them. The lines are smart. Smart is a word which in America is generally connected with the name of "Aleck." It's cruel, perhaps, to say it of a dead man, but Mr. Oscar Wilde seems to have been a near relative of America's Alexander.

"The Importance of Being Earnest" is very well acted at the Empire. Both the Margarets—Dale and Anglin—play their parts with the proper impressiveness. Mr. W. S. Gilbert, who possibly might have written this play, although he would have added a plot to the epigrams, would have been delighted with the serious way in which these two ladies enunciated the ridiculous lines allotted to them. The others in the cast also seemed to have a fair idea of the fact that the title of the piece gave the tone to their parts.

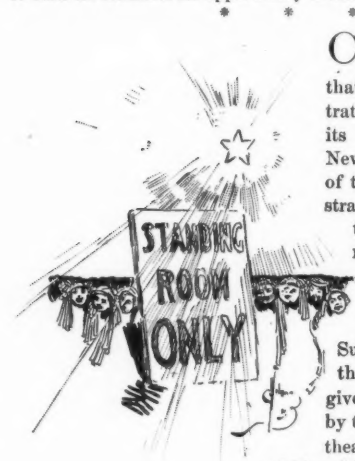
"The Importance of Being Earnest" is not a great play, but it has a number of clever lines and is well acted. Persons who think they think will find a lot of thoughts in it.

\* \* \*



COMPLAINT is heard in London, as well as here, concerning the scarcity of good new plays. It begins to look as though the dramatist was an extinct species and play-writing a lost art. It might not be a bad idea for some one of our universities to institute a course in dramatic construction, including a practical knowledge of the stage and its workings. The only trouble would be that as soon as the competent playwrights were beginning to be turned out the Syndicate would probably have succeeded in exterminating the entire race of competent actors. In all seri-

ousness, however, it might be well, considering the richness of the rewards in this field of literature, for one of the leading universities to offer its students an opportunity to learn the art of the dramatist.



CONVINCING testimony has been shown to LIFE that Mayor Low's administration is doing everything in its power to make safe in New York's theatres the lives of the New Yorker and the stranger within the gates. In this, as in other reforms, not everything can be done in a minute, but much has been accomplished already, and Superintendent Stewart of the Bureau of Buildings gives emphatic assurance that by the beginning of the next theatrical season the theatres

of New York will be in a condition with respect of the safety of the

public such as has not been known for years. The Fire Commissioner has also done his part in getting rid of the "standing room" nuisance.

The greatest difficulty encountered is the inability of the authorities to deal with theatres constructed before the enactment of the present laws controlling the building of theatres. The Bijou Theatre, for instance, is, by the nature of its plan—a long, narrow structure without side exits—a veritable death-trap, but the city officers seem, under the existing laws, to have no power to compel its owners to close it or rebuild it on safer lines. If the power really does not exist, it would seem as though the Legislature could easily pass a law providing that no place of amusement not conforming to the present law should be permitted to open its doors to the public.

This matter of safety in the New York theatres is one which concerns not only New Yorkers themselves, but the thousands of persons from all over the United States who are among the best patrons of the metropolitan houses. Mayor Low and his subordinates deserve credit for what they have already accomplished in protecting the lives of theatre-goers, and should receive the hearty support of the public in what they propose to do. *Metcalfe.*

#### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

- Academy of Music.*—"Quo Vadis" in spectacular form.  
*Bijou.*—Amelia Bingham and excellent company in "A Modern Magdalen." Rather interesting version of the traditional story.  
*Broadway.*—"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." Ballet, spectacle and fun.  
*Criterion.*—Mr. Belasco's "Du Barry," with Mrs. Leslie Carter as the heroine. Interesting and impressive.  
*Daly's.*—"San Toy." Clever comic opera, well sung and acted.  
*Empire.*—Stock company in "The Importance of Being Earnest." See above.  
*Herald Square.*—Lulu Glaser and company in "Dolly Varden." Bright and musical.  
*Knickerbocker.*—Last week of "The Toreador." Comic opera, not especially brilliant.  
*Manhattan.*—Last week of Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon in "Her Lord and Master." Society comedy. Fairly interesting.  
*Madison Square.*—William Collier in "The Diplomat." Not heavy, but amusing.  
*Savoy.*—"Soldiers of Fortune." Diverting comedy dealing with the amusing adventures of United States citizens in Central America.  
*Wallack's.*—"The Last Appeal." Interesting and well-acted stage version of the romance of Rudolf, Crown Prince of Austria.



### Other Times, Other Weighs.

THINK! If she lived to-day,  
Beautiful Helen of Troy  
Would be tramping over the links—  
Helen of Avoirdupois.

### Kickers' Column.

**EDITOR OF LIFE:**  
LIFE is usually fair and often funny. But the picture and paragraph about Miss Stone in the issue of April 3d are neither. They are simply the result of ignorance, vulgarity and malice. In behalf of a large club, whose families prize their weekly laugh over the pages of LIFE, I wish to put on record a protest against such an article and such a picture.

APRIL 4, 1902. Elizabeth McL. Rowland.

REMARKS TO LIFE, APROPOS OF "PROGNOSTICATIONS IN THE CASE OF MISS STONE": Granted that Miss Stone does "arrive in America," that she is "exploited by the yellow journals," that she is "gushed over" (the length of hair does not matter), that "she lectures," and "sells literature to the magazines"—do you think that it is well and broad-minded for you to publish such a general attack on mission work?

Have you any acquaintance with such work at first hand? I should like to introduce a few missionaries to you, and take you on a trip around the world to make you realize actual conditions; for I am ashamed for you that you should publish statements so provincial as these: "Missionaries not needed in other countries, where their principal function is to create complications for the United States Government to fight out." "Funds gathered to provide soft snaps in heathen places for Americans who can't make a living at home."

At least one protest shall be made by  
APRIL 5, 1902. A Subscriber.

Thanks, dear Subscriber, but when we take that trip around the world we would prefer to be either a little ahead or some way behind that party of missionaries you so kindly offer. This preference is, we confess, the result of



a narrow prejudice against those whose purpose in life is to jam their own religion down the unwilling throats of older peoples.

Dear LIFE: Your "thing" on General Funston, in issue of April 10th, is simply exquisite. It is most satisfying to have some one who is not afraid to say things. Honest Injun, ain't you glad the Anecdote Contest is over?

MARION, ALA., 4-12-'02.

Reader.

### At the Grand Central.

**SECRETARY:** We are getting more complaints about that tunnel every day.

**PRESIDENT OF THE ROAD:** Well, they'll die out. Just at present they have an idea that we may be persuaded to do something about it.

### WANTED

5,000 ABLE-BODIED MEN  
TO BENEVOLENTLY ASSIMILATE  
FILIPINOS FOR TRYING TO FOLLOW  
THE BAD EXAMPLE SET BY US IN  
1776.

WAGES \$15.00 per month  
and found in board, clothing, guns  
and ammunition.

A Christian Chaplain in each regiment will  
minister to the spiritual needs of the soldiers—free of charge.

APPLY AT RECRUITING STATIONS.

### No Application Now.

"SCIENTISTS say that war is necessary to keep the people thinned down."

"But that was before automobiles were invented."



## An Episode.



IT was such a little romance— Just a thing to be remembered—  
Such a winsome thing and sweet— As a last year violet—  
It came to them, it went from them, Too small a joy to sorrow for,  
On daring, dancing feet; Too tiny to regret;  
Night of moon and day of sun Just a memory to be  
And its little stay was done. Treasured somewhat carelessly.

Just a thing not quite forgotten—  
Little more and nothing less—  
To be sighed for, to be smiled at  
For very daintiness;  
Just too small and sweet to lay  
In the dust of yesterday.

Theodosia Garrison.

## Society.

MRS. HARDY SNUBBER has heard that there is absolutely no truth in the report that the Third Assistant Lord High Garter of the Bed Chamber will wear purple pajamas at the Coronation.

Miss Constant Chinnor—own niece of Mrs. Ollin Bonds—says the Fourth Lord of the Jack Knife will take precedence of the Lord High Garter, and that nobody at the Coronation will wear carpet slippers. So, there now!

It is whispered that Mrs. Shady Past and her sister have been invited to the Coronation and that Gitt Thayer Hobbs is going with them.

We hear that John F. Bullion has offered \$70,000,000 for Westminster Abbey. He is President of the Fresh-Air and Sunshine Trust, and wants to know the King.

We hear, through Mrs. Hookairs Enniveigh, that the King is reported to have exclaimed on one occasion, "O, d—n these rich Americans and their money!" But of course that cannot be true.

## The Conscripts.

CONSCRIPTION is resorted to, finally. Still there are reverses.

Lord Kitchener cables:

"I regret to announce that the 16th Regiment of Muddled Oafs, His Majesty's Own was captured by the Boers yesterday.

"The Northumberland Flanneled Fools came up and shouted bravely in border dialect, but were outnumbered.

"LATER—Another instance of Boer cruelty. The Muddled Oafs captured yesterday were released to-day, although they begged piteously to be held."

YELLOW journalism would smell as bad by any other name.



"IT'S ALL DECIDED, JACK DEAR. EITHER YOU TAKE ME TO THE CORONATION, OR ON A YACHT AROUND THE WORLD. SO PAY YOUR MONEY AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE."

"H'M. IT'S VERY EVIDENT I PAY MY MONEY, ANYHOW."

"WELL, YOU'RE MIGHTY LUCKY TO HAVE YOUR CHOICE."

A MENTAL reservation always goes with every definition of a gentleman.

## PERSONAL NOTES



W. J. Bryan's pet donkey, upon which he used to ride so gracefully, will no longer let him on. Mr. Bryan says if the animal continues obstinate he will abandon him altogether, and take to riding a piebald rocking-horse.



Conan Doyle, who has just written a defense of England, has sent Sherlock Holmes out to find a clue to the argument. At last reports Sherlock wired back that this was the only time in his life that he got left.

## Life's Boer Tobacco Fund.

A CANADIAN contributor to the fund for purchasing tobacco for the Boers prisoners in Bermuda writes as follows, and in the wish at the end LIFE gladly and heartily joins, adding to it the hope that the Filipino subjects of the United States Government may be included:

There is not a firmer Briton on this continent than I, and I consider that we Britons have our quarrel just. But I like pluck and perseverance, even if they be manifested by those who are wounding and killing my friends. Therefore, will you kindly give my small contribution to that fund! And may we all soon be smoking the pipe of peace.

Previously acknowledged.....\$294.77  
C. G., Buffalo ..... 1.00  
J. G., Canada ..... 1.00

\$296.77

HE: I am afraid if I play ping pong with you much more I shall lose my heart.

SHE: Yes, it is hard on bric-a-brac.



WHAT HOME IS WITHOUT A MOTHER.

## The Qualities That Count.



And yet, why not?

The day is past when mere brute force stands much of any show to win out against brass and advertising, and the sooner these Macedonians get to understand it, the better for them, unless, of course, they are brigands for art's sake, and care nothing for the material reward.



**THE CHARMING YOUNG HOUR**  
IN A CIRCUS THAT SHOWED IN MO.  
WAS A RATHER BOLD DANCE BY AN HO.  
SHE WAS HALED INTO COURT,  
AND OBLIGED TO CAVORT  
FOR THE LAWYER, THE JUDGE AND A JO.

## Harold and His Pa.

"PA, what is a coronation?"

1 "Why, it's what they do when the king is crowned."

"Does it hurt any—that is, is it anything like an operation?"

"Why, yes, my son, only it isn't called by that name. It might be called a function."

“What is a function like?”

“A function is almost any proceeding that costs money and is useless.”

“But what do they do at the coronation — do they put the crown on the king's head?”

"Yes, for a while."

"He doesn't wear it all the

time, then?"

"Oh, no. He might get tired if he did."

"Well, now, tell me just what happens."

“ Well, a short, fat man——”

"That's the king."

"Yes, that's the king. He comes in, and an archbishop——"

"Is he short and fat?"

"Well, he's pretty apt to be. They are all likely to be that way."

"What makes them so?"

"Oh, they are pretty well fed, you know. Well, the archbishop puts the crown on the king's head, and then a lot of men in bath robes bow down, and other short fat men kiss the king's hand."

"I shouldn't think they'd like to do that. I wouldn't care to do that to any short, fat man."

"That's only because you are a boy, Harold. When you get to be a big man, you would fall all over yourself to do that very thing."

"Would you, pa?"

"Well, you know I'm not an aristocrat."

"But tell me, are there no ladies present?"

"Oh, yes. Heaps."

"And how do they look?"

"Fine. They are loaded down with jewels, and their shoulders gleam."

"Is it nice, pa, to have your shoulders gleam?"

"Oh, yes, if there's any one to look at them."

"How about the king, pa? He's a great man, isn't he? What is he like?"

"Well, he eats an

"But that's no different from any other man."

"No, nor from most kings."

"Pa, suppose there wasn't any coronation—would it make any difference?"

"Oh, my, yes!"

"But why?"

"Because, my son, it would disappoint so many people who don't amount to anything."

# • LIFE •



## MENAGERIE MUSING.

The monkey never wears a shoe  
So tight it sadly pinches,  
Nor dons a collar that's so big  
It's killing him by inches.  
He never goes to lectures dull,  
Nor operas that bore him,  
He gayly swings from tree to tree,  
As did his sire before him.

But we, of hind hands all bereft,  
Assume, though we don't need 'em,  
All sorts of habits and attire  
And compromise our freedom.  
And Simians who see us quail,  
As Mrs. Grundy's stunkies,  
Declare we are no credit to  
Our stone ancestral monkeys.

—Washington Star.

I HAVE a distinct remembrance of a curious business experience I had while at college. I was manager of the *Junior Annual* and had been going the rounds of the city "rustling ads," as you say here at Stanford. I had been rather unsuccessful during the day, so late in the afternoon I determined on a long shot. I had been recommended by a friend to try to land the ad. of a certain crematory (a new thing then), whose proprietor he knew. I went around, and was surprised to find the proprietor, a Mr. Stiff, very willing to discuss my proposition. We must have talked together fully two hours. He asked every imaginable question as to terms, contract and so forth, and I gave every imaginable answer. My fighting blood was up, and at last I persuaded him to sign a contract for a sum up in the hundreds. Was I happy! I arose and bid him good afternoon with much

effusion, slipped my contract blanks in my pocket and started out. As I was about to close the door from the outside, he called me back.

"Just a moment, Mr. Halsey."

"Yes, sir, what is it?" I replied, rather surprised.

"You understand, don't you, that this advertisement is to be taken out in trade!"

—Professor Halsey in *The Chaparral*.

DR. TEMPLE was often greeted affectionately by perfectly unknown young men who professed to be old friends, and who afterwards turned out to be old Rugby boys. The Bishop got into the way of pretending to remember the identity of any lively person who flew up to him with rapturous greetings—simply, says *The Week End*, to save lengthy, and sometimes crestfallen, explanations. One day, at Oxford, a handsome youth greeted him with a fervent shake of the hand.

"Eh?" said the always curt Bishop, abstractedly,

"You quite well?"

"Yes," replied the good-looking young man, with graciousness.

"All well at home?" said the Bishop.

The young man stared slightly, but replied courteously:

"All well, thank you."

"Father well?" said the Bishop.

"My father, sir, is dead," said the young man, with a little pardonable sternness.

"Ah!" said the utterly undisturbed Bishop, "and how's your mother?"

"Sir," replied the handsome young man, with great gravity, "Her Majesty the Queen is in excellent health."

He was Prince Leopold, the Duke of Albany, to whom

Dr. Temple had been tutor, but whom that unimpressible Bishop had for the time being forgotten. The reply is unrecorded!—*London Daily News*.

"AND the railway company agrees to settle by paying me five thousand dollars, does it?" said the man who had been injured. "How much of it do I get?"

"You get all of it," said the lawyer, "and you pay me what you please. It didn't take me five minutes to get a settlement out of them."

This, oh, reader, is no fancy sketch. There are limits to the imaginative faculty of the human mind.

—Chicago Tribune.

AN amusing incident occurred the other afternoon in a gentlemen's outfitting shop in New Street, Birmingham, when a customer came in to purchase a hat. He tried on several, and was evidently hard to please, the counter becoming covered with the rejected. At last the salesman picked up a brown felt bowler, brushed it round with his arm, and extended it admiringly.

"These are being very much worn this season, sir," he explained.

"Are they?" said the customer, thoughtfully surveying himself in the mirror, with the hat on his head. "Do you think it suits me?"

"Suits you to perfection, sir—if the fit's right."

"Yes; it fits very well. So you think I had better have it?"

"I don't think you could do better, sir."

"No, I don't think I could; so I won't have a new one."

The salesman had been pushing the old hat.

—Spare Moments.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

Established 1823.

# WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
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# Hunter Whiskey

First Called  
and  
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Exclusively from Imported Fabrics

If you live in New York, it will pay you to visit my shop. If a non-resident, you will do well to defer the purchase of your finer garments until you can find time to run into the City. I also make a specialty of Custom Shirts.

HIGH-CLASS TRADE ONLY, SOLICITED  
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I can procure a limited amount of first-class life  
ANNUITIES  
(the only safe way to get a high rate of interest) on exceptionally favorable terms.

For particulars let me know sex, age and address.  
EDWARD F. SWEET, 66 WEST BROADWAY, N. Y.

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THE ABOVE TRADE-MARK DIS-  
TINGUISHES IT FROM ALL  
OTHER CORDIALS, AS DOES  
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Lace and All-over Tucking.

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"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD"



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"What lawsuits grow out of the graves of  
rich men every day; sowing perjury,  
hatred and lies among near kindred, when  
there should be nothing but love."  
—SUCKER.

The Continuous Instalment  
Policy of the Equitable does away  
with any possibility of a lawsuit.  
It permits a man to practically pro-  
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At PETERSHAM, MASS.

### Furnished Cottage

Five Bedrooms, Dressing-room  
and Bathroom. Within three  
minutes' walk of Post Office

and Library. Fine western view. About three acres of land, and stable  
for four horses. For sale at great sacrifice—\$3,500. Inquire at office of  
LIFE, No. 19 West Thirty-first Street, N. Y. City.





"I MISSED one of my pullets last night, Rufus," said the colonel, sternly.

"Sho," replied Rufus, evasively, "yo' oughtn't tuh shoot at pullets in de dahk, kunnel."—*Ohio State Journal*.

#### THE HOUSE LONESOME

Has no telephone service. It is cut off from the last touch of modern comfort. Telephone service puts the whole city at your elbow. Rates in Manhattan from \$48 a year. New York Telephone Company, 111 West 38th St., 215 West 125th St.

"WHEN I have anything to say," remarked Henry Watterson the other day, "I write it; then I put it in my pocket. After a while I take it out, read it and write it again. Once more I put it away. Then I write it again and send it down to the printer and have it put in type. When I get the proof I run over it closely and write it again, and again it goes to the printer. Afterward it is sent to me again in the revised proof. Then I make the last corrections and send it down again. And then," continued Mr. Watterson, with a heavy sigh, "the confounded printer gets it wrong."—*New York Tribune*.

"HASTE thee, nymph, and bring with thee Jest and youthful Jollity"—Milton: and a bottle of *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne*.

"WHAT do you mean by saying she just celebrated her wooden wedding?"

"She married a blockhead."—*Philadelphia Press*.

A DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENT in Paris, greatly in favor with the *élite* American clientèle, is Masson-Templier, 191 Rue Saint-Honoré. This house has adopted the principle of supplying the best and newest models at comparatively reasonable prices, thereby inaugurating a much-needed reform in the manner of doing business with the leading Parisian dressmakers, which has been followed by a well-deserved success.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Hauskeep, but I'm sure I haven't a cook that would suit you."

"Never mind; I've gotten over all that. Just send one and let me see if I could suit her."—*Philadelphia Press*.

#### OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.

Possibilities for pleasure to suit every taste. Hotels Chamberlin and Hygeia.

GENERAL METHUEN is to be congratulated. He went out to look for De la Rey, and he found him. His condition afterward reminds one of John Phoenix's combat, wherein he got the better of his adversary by throwing himself on his back with his nose inserted between the enemy's teeth and his hair tangled around his enemy's hands; and there he had him.—*Springfield Republican*.

DELETTREZ, PARIS, VIOLETTES CELESTES is a most delightful odor in high-grade Toilet Soaps and Perfumes. Manufactured and popularized in Paris by Delettrez. Now for sale in this country by your druggists. Ask for it.

GLADSTONE told Lord Ronald Gower, that once when he visited Rome he accidentally met Macaulay, who introduced himself to the statesman. On Macaulay's telling him that he took a daily walk in St. Peter's, Gladstone asked him what most attracted him in that place. "The temperature," was the answer.—*Argonaut*.

#### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

Commonwealth Avenue. Electric lights. New and most approved plumbing.

"My son," said the parson to a small boy who was digging in a back lot, "don't you know that it is a sin to dig on the Sabbath, except in case of necessity?"

"Yes, sir," replied the youngster.

"Then why don't you stop it?" asked the good man.

"Cause this is a case of necessity," replied the young philosopher. "A feller can't fish without bait."

—*Chicago Daily News*.

## Purity's 7 Points

These are the seven points that make a beer healthful.

A beer that has them is both good and good for you.



It is a tonic and a food.

It is the beverage of health.

Omit the beer without them.

And remember that Schlitz beer costs just the same as common beer.

You'll get it if you ask for it.

But if you don't care, your dealer may give you a beer that costs less than half so much to brew.

Ask for the brewery bottling.

1

We use the best barley that money can buy.

We get our hops from Bohemia. A partner in our business selects all materials.

2

Our yeast is forever the same, and it gives to Schlitz beer the flavor that no other beer can have.

3

Cleanliness in our brewery is carried to utmost extremes.

4

We cool Schlitz beer in a plate glass room, in filtered air, to keep germs away from it.

5

We age it for months, until it is well fermented. It is the "green beer" that causes biliousness.

6

Every drop of Schlitz beer is thoroughly filtered.

7

After it is bottled and sealed, every bottle is sterilized.

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**KELCEY SHANNON**  
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TENNYSON was fond of relating a story of how the Duke of Wellington, when a very old man and president of the privy council, once walked up from Downing Street, instead of riding, as he usually did. When he came to a point opposite Apsley House, the old soldier could not cross the street safely, owing to the number of carriages and hands that were whirling past. At last a well-dressed man recognized the duke in the crowd, and divining his trouble, went up to him and said:

"Will your grace allow me the honor of escorting you across the road?"

"Thanks," said the old hero, laconically.

This was safely accomplished, and "Thanks," said the duke again.

But the patriotic Briton, standing uncovered, said:

"My Lord Duke, this is the proudest moment of my life. I shall tell my children, and they shall tell their children, that I once had the distinguished honor of escorting across the street the hero of Waterloo."

The old duke, with his aristocratic beak and military whisker, looking down at his effusive friend with his eagle glance, said dryly:

"Now, don't make a d—d fool of yourself," and forthwith vanished.—*Argonaut*.

THE following story is told of Rudyard Kipling's maternal grandfather, the Rev. George B. McDonald, a Wesleyan clergyman:

It is related of this gentleman that in the days when he was courting the lady whom he afterwards married, the father-in-law to be—an aged Methodist with extremely strict notions in regard to the proprieties—was injudicious enough on one occasion to enter the parlor without giving any warning of his approach. The consequence was that he found the sweethearts occupying a single chair.

Deeply shocked by this spectacle, the old man solemnly said:

"Mr. McDonald, when I was courting Mrs. Brown she sat on one side of the room and I on the other."

McDonald's reply was:

"That's what I should have done if I had been courting Mrs. Brown."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

A GENTLEMAN going down the river on a steamer, the engine of which was upon the deck, sauntered to see the working of the machinery. Near him stood a man apparently bent upon the same object. In a few moments a squeaking noise was heard on the opposite side of the engine.

Seizing an oil can, a gigantic one, by the way, the engineer sought out the dry spot, and to prevent further noise of that kind liberally applied the contents of the can to every joint.

All went on well for a while, when the squeaking was heard in another direction. The oiling process was repeated, and quiet restored; but as the engineer was coming quietly towards the spot occupied by the gentleman and the stranger, he heard another squeak. This time, however, he detected the true cause of the difficulty. The stranger was a ventriloquist.

Walking straight up behind him, he seized the astonished joker by the nape of the neck, and emptied the contents of the can down his back.

"There," said he, "I don't believe that engine will squeak again."—*Exchange*.

THE late historian, Samuel Rawson Gardiner, used to say of Froude: "Whenever I find myself particularly perplexed on any point, I look to see what Froude has to say about it. I always find his help invaluable, for I can trust implicitly in his unfailing instinct for arriving at false conclusions; and the more positive he becomes, the safer I feel in adopting a diametrically opposite view."—*Argonaut*.

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